This Stage, the Ship, vpon whose Decke,
The Seas toſt *Pericles*, appeares to ſpeake.

Enter Pericles on Shipboord.

Per. The God of this great vaſt, rebuke theſe ſurges
Which waſh both heauen and hell, and thou that haſt
Vpon the windes command, binde them in Braſſe,
Hauing cald them from the deepe, O ſtill
Thy dearning dreadfull thunders, daily quench
Thy nimble ſulpherous flaſhes: O how *Lichorida*?
How does my Queene? then ſtorme venomouſly,
Wilt thou ſpeat all thy ſelfe? the Seamans whiſtle
Is a whiſper in the eares of death,
Vnheard *Lichorida*? *Lucina*, oh!
Diuineſt patroneſſe, and my wife, gentle
To thoſe that cry by night, conuey thy Deity
Aboard our dauncing Boat, make ſwift the pangs
Of my Queenes trauailes. Now *Lichorida*.

Enter Lychorida.

Lychor. Heere is a thing too young for ſuch a place,
Who if it had conceit, would dye, as I am like to do:
Take in your armes this peece of your dead Queene.
Per. How? how *Lychorida*?
Lychor. Patience good ſir, do not aſſiſt the ſtorme,
Heere's all that is left liuing of your Queene;
A little Daughter, for the ſake of it
Be manly, and take comfort.
Per. O you Gods!
Why do you make vs loue your goodly gifts,
And ſnatch them ſtraight away?
We heere below, recall not what we giue,
And therein may vſe honour with you.
Lychor. Patience good ſir, euen for this charge.
Per. Now milde may be thy life,
For a more bluſterous birth had neuer Babe:
Quiet and gentle thy conditions;
For thou art the rudelieſt welcome to this world,

That euer was Princes childe: happy what followes,
Thou haſt as chiding a Natiuity,
As Fire, Ayre, Water, Earth, and Heauen can make,
To harold thee from the wombe:
Euen at the firſt, thy loſſe is more then can
Thy portage quite, with all thou canſt finde heere:
Now the good Gods throw their beſt eyes vpon it.

Enter two Saylers.

1. *Sayl.* What courage ſir? God ſaue you.
Per. Courage enough, I do not feare the flaw,
It hath done to me the worſt: yet for the loue
Of this poore infant, this freſh new ſea-farer,
I would it would be quiet.
1. *Sayl.* Slack the bolins there; thou wilt not, wilt thou?
Blow and ſplit thy ſelfe.
2. *Sayl.* But ſea-roome, and the brine and clowdy billow
kiſſe the Moone, I care not.
1. *Sayl.* Sir, your Queene muſt ouer board,
The ſea workes hie, the winde is lowd,
And will not lye till the ſhip be cleared of the dead.
Per. That's your ſuperſtition.
1. Pardon vs ſir; with vs at Sea it hath bin ſtill obſerued,
And we are ſtrong in eaſterne, therefore briefly yeeld her.
Per. As you thinke meete, for ſhe muſt ore board ſtraight,
Moſt wretched Queene.
Lychor. Heere ſhe lies ſir.
Per. A terrible child-bed haſt thou had (my deare)
No light, no fire, the vnfriendly Elements
Forgot thee vtterly, nor haue I time
To bring thee hallowd to thy graue, but ſtraight
Muſt caſt thee ſcarſely coffind, in oare,
Where for a Monument vpon thy bones,
The ayre remaining lampes, the belching Whale,
And humming water muſt ore-whelme thy corpes,
Lying with ſimple ſhels: Oh *Lychorida*,
Bid *Neſtor* bring me Spices, Incke and Paper,
My Casket and my Iewels, and bid *Nicander*

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